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Romance

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NOW! REVOLUTIONARY, NEW 3-WAY "TWIN ADJUSTA-PANEL" *instantly* REDUCES

WAIST!

STOMACH!

HIPS!

Think of it!

**2-4 INCHES*
OF UGLY BULGES
DISAPPEAR**

LIKE MAGIC...

**MAKING YOU FEEL
AND LOOK YEARS
YOUNGER!**

At last, here is the one girdle that is **guaranteed** to give you a 3-way slimmer appearance instantly! Now you can really look and feel years younger! Sensationally new, "Twin Adjusta-Panel" girdle has magic front and back panels that can be moved up or down - making you from 1 to 4 inches slimmer looking right where you need it! See how it slims and trims your hips - gives you a lovely flat stomach and new slender waist! And how its extra strong back support helps to eliminate that tired, aching back. No laces, no biting zippers, no strapped-in harness sensation. Never before did a girdle offer so much real custom-fit control plus new comfort!

It's a never-before value at only \$5.98! Sizes 25" to 44" waist in White or Pink. Panty Girdle with detachable crotch, \$1 extra. Money back, if not positively delighted!

*Depending upon your individual physical structure and wishes.

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Dept. AJ-12

42-18 - 13th Street

Long Island City 1, N. Y.



**LUXURY MATERIALS!
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See "I Love the 'TWIN ADJUSTA-PANEL'" - "Sensational, Superb, 3-way stretch fabric - shaping, extra wide panels - and TWIN PANELS at front - slims! Keeps it smooth and flat through countless washings."

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On approval please rush me my new "TWIN ADJUSTA-PANEL" girdle.

☐ I enclose \$_____ You pay postage, saving me up to 70¢.
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**TEST AND ENJOY FOR
10 DAYS AT OUR RISK!**

Order your new "Twin Adjusta-Panel" girdle on approval. If you don't agree that it does more for you than any other girdle - just return it any time within 10 days for an immediate refund. But don't deny yourself the joy of seeing yourself the size you want to be - order today! Use coupon.



IT WAS WONDERFUL TO BE BACK IN HONOLULU AFTER THE DRASSING YEARS OF SCHOOL IN CALIFORNIA... NOTHING HAD CHANGED...

UMM... THE AIR IS LIKE PERFUME!

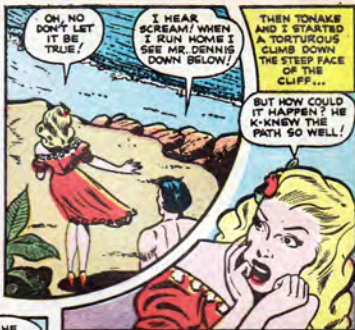


IN POETRY AND SONG, THE LOVELY ISLANDS OF HAWAII HAVE BEEN LIKENED TO EMERALDS SET IN A SAPPHIRE SEA... BUT I, MORIE DENNIS, SAW BOTH SIDES AND KNEW FEAR AND DESPAIR UNTIL FINALLY I WAS TO FIND WHAT I SOUGHT...

MISS MORIE! COME QUICK! YOUR FATHER THE CLIFF...

FATHER? WHAT'S WRONG?





IT WAS TRUE, FATHER WASN'T BREATHING! THE SHOCK WAS TOO MUCH... ONLY MINUTES AGO I WAS SO HAPPY... BUT NOW... I HARDLY NOTICED THE STRANGER APPROACH...



LATER, OUR OVERSEER, CHARLES GUTTMAN CAME WITH SOME MEN AND TOOK CHARGE OF MATTERS...

DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT A THING, MISS DENNIS/ I'LL SEE THAT EVERYTHING IS PROPERLY HANDLED!

T-THANK YOU, MR. GUTTMAN!

THEN THAT IS SETTLED/ COME ALONG, MORIE, I'LL SEE YOU HOME!

A MONTH PASSED/ THE VERDICT OF THE INQUEST WAS ACCIDENTAL DEATH/ I WAS STILL TRYING TO GET FATHER'S AFFAIRS IN ORDER, WHEN ONE NIGHT...

MR. CHAPMAN TO SEE YOU, MISS MORIE!

GOOD EVENING!

YOU CAN'T BROOD FOREVER, YOUNG LADY/ HOW ABOUT TAKING A DRIVE TO HONOLULU? IT'S A PERFECT NIGHT!

I DON'T KNOW, FRANK/ THERE'S SO MUCH TO DO...

AS I DRESSED FOR THE RIDE I ADMITTED THAT FRANK WAS RIGHT/ I HAD BEEN BROODING TOO MUCH...

ALONE IN THIS BIG HOUSE/ AND I LIKE FRANK/ HE'S SO KIND AND UNDERSTANDING...

BUT ON MY WAY TO THE VERANDA, WHERE FRANK WAS WAITING...

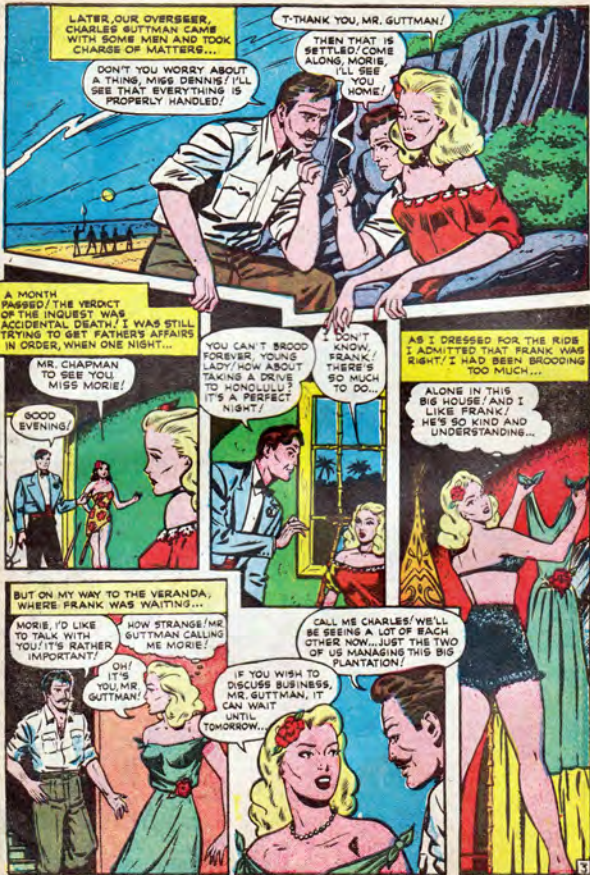
MORIE, I'D LIKE TO TALK WITH YOU/ IT'S RATHER IMPORTANT!

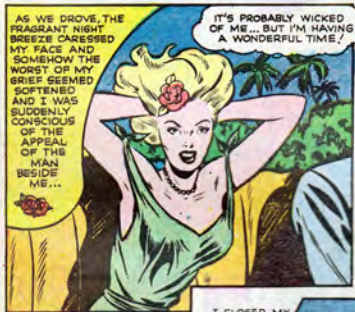
HOW STRANGE/ MR GUTTMAN CALLING ME MORIE!

OH! IT'S YOU, MR GUTTMAN!

IF YOU WISH TO DISCUSS BUSINESS, MR. GUTTMAN, IT CAN WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW...

CALL ME CHARLES/ WE'LL BE SEEING A LOT OF EACH OTHER NOW... JUST THE TWO OF US MANAGING THIS BIG PLANTATION!





I CLOSED MY EYES AND WAITED FOR HIS KISS... IT DIDN'T MAKE SENSE, BUT EVEN THOUGH I HAD KNOWN THIS MAN SO SHORT A TIME... I LOVED HIM! BUT THE TOUCH OF HIS LIPS DID NOT COME!



THE NIGHT HE FELL... OR WAS PUGHED! I SAW HIM THAT NIGHT FROM MY COTTAGE AS HE WENT TOWARD THE CLIFF! HE WAS WITH ANOTHER MAN! YOUR OVERSEER... CHARLES GUTTMAN!



LOOKS LIKE ALL THE SERVANTS HAVE RETIRED!

STRANGE! I'M NOT FRIGHTENED NOW THAT FRANK IS WITH ME...



FRANK! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?



I KNOW, BUT WHEN YOUR DAD WAS FOUND, GUTTMAN HAD TO BE SENT FOR! AND HE SEEMED SO SURPRISED!

FOR ALMOST AN HOUR FRANK TALKED! WITH EVERY WORD I GREW MORE AND MORE POSITIVE THAT THERE HAD BEEN SOMETHING ODD ABOUT FATHER'S DEATH!

WHAT DO YOU THINK I SHOULD DO, FRANK?

NOTHING! AND MUM'S THE WORD! WE HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO PROOF! OR EVEN A MOTIVE!



THIS ISN'T THE RIGHT TIME TO TELL YOU, MORIE... BUT I LOVE YOU!

I LOVE YOU, FRANK...



I CAN'T LET YOU STAY HERE ALONE WITH GUTTMAN ANY LONGER, DEAREST! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND SPACE FOR ME TO STAY... OH, WHY AM I TALKING SO MUCH WHEN YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL... AND KISSABLE...





I'M GLAD YOU'LL STAY, DARLING... I'LL FEEL BETTER HAVING YOU AROUND THE HOUSE!



WOULDN'T YOU COME INSIDE FOR A CHAT?

I'VE GOT TO! PERHAPS THIS WAY I CAN FIND OUT SOMETHING!

A-ALL RIGHT...



FRANK HAD TO GO TO HIS COTTAGE FOR SOME APPAREL AND SUDDENLY THE HOUSE BECAME GHOSTLY AND SINISTER...

I'LL FIND OUT SOMEHOW IF CHARLES GUTTMAN KILLED MY FATHER! AND IF HE DID...



SURPRISE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING NEAR MY ROOM?

JUST PASSING BY, MR. GUTTMAN! I USED THE SIDE ENTRANCE WHEN I CAME IN!



HOW ABOUT A LITTLE WINE, MORIE?

NO, THANKS, MR... ER... CHARLES! WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO TALK ABOUT?



IT CAN WAIT, BABY, BUT I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER TO KISS YOU! I'M MAD ABOUT YOU, MORIE!

OH, PLEASE

HE'S HORRID!



HE'S BEEN DRINKING! PERHAPS HE'LL TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT MY FATHER!

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED ME, MORIE! I SEE I WAS WRONG!

FRANK!

DO YOU USUALLY BURST IN ON PEOPLE LIKE THIS?

ONLY WHEN I'M BEING A CHUMP! YOU SEE NOT LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO SHE WAS IN MY ARMS! BUT IF SHE PREFERS THE MAN WHO PROBABLY MURDERED HER FATHER, THAT'S HER BUSINESS!

NOT SO FAST! WHAT WAS THAT CRACK ABOUT YOUR FATHER?

LET ME GO! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM AND EXPLAIN!

PLEASE! Y-YOU'RE HURTING ME!

TRYING TO FRAME ME, EH! BUT NOW I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I SAW THAT NIGHT! YOUR PRECIOUS FRANK WAS WITH YOUR FATHER JUST BEFORE HE DIED! I SAW THEM!

I WAS BEING DRAWN INTO SOME SORT OF DREADFUL NIGHTMARE AND I WAS HELPLESS TO DEFEND MYSELF! IN A BLACK RAGE, GUTTMAN CRUSHED MY ARMS AND LOOKED INTO MY FACE...

HE PUSHED HIM! HE EVEN PAID ME NOT TO TELL WHAT I SAW!

YOU LIE!

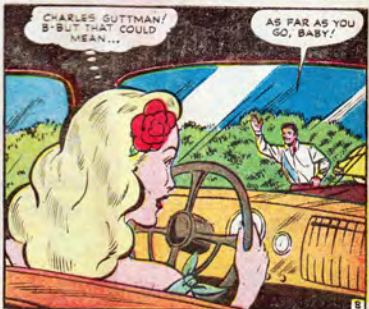
YOU LIE!

OH! MY EYES! YOU LITTLE...

AN INSTANT LATER, I WAS OUT OF THE ROOM AND RUNNING IN A FRIGHTENED DAZE... OOOLA OPENED HER CHAMBER DOOR...

MISS MORIE! WHAT IS WRONG?

COME QUICKLY, OOOLA! AND YOU MUST DO EXACTLY AS I TELL YOU!





OUT OF
TERROR AND
DOUBT
CAME MY ONE
GREAT LOVE
AND THEN
IT WAS
HAPPINESS
FOREVER
ON THE
ISLE
CALLED
PARADISE!

THE END

The Bride Who WOULDN'T

AT THE VERY LAST MINUTE, GLORIA KENT WOULDN'T WALK DOWN THE AISLE TO ACCEPT HER WEDDING RING! THIS DIDN'T MEAN SHE HAD FALLEN OUT OF LOVE... IT MEANT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE SHE KNEW WHAT **REAL** LOVE WAS!



GLORIA WAS GIVEN A SURPRISE PARTY BY HER FELLOW WORKERS AT THE OFFICE... BUT HER SMILE OF DELIGHT SOON ENDED...

WE WON'T BE AT YOUR WEDDING, GLORIA SO WE PLANNED A MOCK WEDDING RIGHT HERE! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

OK, NO... THAT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT WOULD IT?

SURE! WHY NOT?

LET'S SEE... JOE, YOU'D MAKE A GOOD GROOM! I'LL BE THE PREACHER!

I'VE AN IDEA GLORIA WOULD RATHER NOT CHUCK... PERHAPS YOU OUGHT TO FORGET IT!



GRATEFULLY GLORIA MET JOE WATSON'S EYES, BUT THERE WAS NO MESSAGE TO HER THERE. IN FACT, FOR AN INSTANT SHE THOUGHT SHE DETECTED SOMETHING DEEPER THAN JUST UNDERSTANDING...

WE WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER! LINE UP, YOU TWO!

I'LL SING THE WEDDING MARCH, YOU CAN BE THE BRIDESMAID, PEG!

LET'S GO, PREACHER...

WITH THIS TELEPHONE DIRECTORY I SHALL READ THE MARRIAGE SERVICE!

GO ON, JOE... PUT THE CIGAR BAND ON HER FINGER! WE'RE WAITING TO KISS THE BRIDE!

JOE KISSES HER FIRST! LOOK! SHE'S ACTUALLY A BLUSHING BRIDE!

WELL, WE CAN'T SPOIL THEIR LITTLE GAME NOW, JOE...

I'M SORRY YOU HAD TO GO THROUGH THIS, GLORIA...

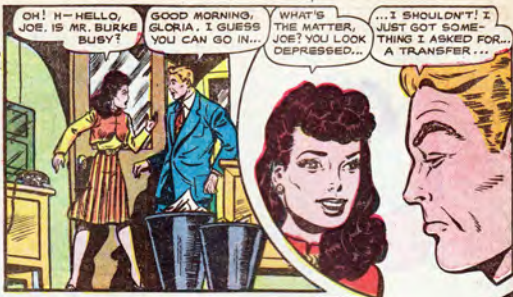
WONDERFUL! BEST DARN WEDDING EVER PERFORMED!

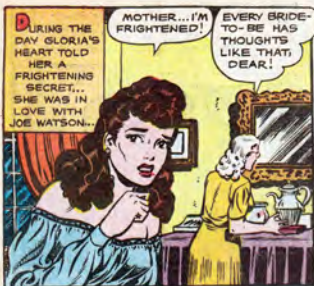
LET ME BY, IT'S MY TURN TO KISS THE BRIDE!

CONGRATULATIONS, JOE!

HE'S LEAVING... HE HATED IT! I DON'T BLAME HIM... THIS IS ALL SO EMBARRASSING!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, GLORIA WAS ON HER WAY TO THE OFFICE OF HER EMPLOYER, TO BID HIM GOODBYE, WHEN...





GLORIA'S
VOICE
FALTERED...
SEEING JOE
AGAIN
WAS MORE
THAN SHE
COULD
BEAR...SHE
FELT
HERSELF
SWAYING
TOWARD
HIM... AND
HIS ARMS
REACHED
OUT...

I'D BETTER
GO ALONG...

JOE, WHAT
SHALL I DO?
YOU MUST
KNOW HOW
I FEEL...

A PERSON CAN'T
HELP WHAT THEY
FEEL, CAN THEY,
JOE? I'M STILL
FREE AND MY
HEART IS... IS...

I KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TRYING TO
SAY! OH, GLORIA...
GLORIA, DARLING!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND
MYSELF ANYMORE! WHEN
YOU KISSED ME I ALMOST
BLURTED IT OUT THEN!
FORGIVE ME, GLORIA...BUT
I LOVE YOU...I LOVE YOU...

THAT WAS A TENDER
SCENE, CONSIDERING
IT WAS PLAYED RIGHT
OUT IN PUBLIC, GLORIA!

FRED! I...
I DIDN'T
EXPECT
YOU THIS
EVENING!

OBVIOUSLY! NOW GET ALONG
HOME BEFORE I LOSE MY
TEMPER COMPLETELY! WE'LL
DISCUSS THIS LATER! AS
FOR YOU...

TAKE IT
EASY WITH
HER, PAL!

YOU'VE GOT A WIDE
STREAK OF BULLY IN
YOU THAT'S MIGHTY
UNATTRACTIVE!

THE BLOW THAT MOMENTARILY STUNNED FRED WALKER HAD A LIKENED EFFECT ON GLORIA... BUT WHEN JOE STARTED TO STRIDE AWAY FROM THE SCENE, SHE SUDDENLY GOT CONTROL OF HERSELF...



Passion's Bargain

by

Thelma Beecher

THE girl was slim and ash blonde. Good features. A straight nose, somewhat on the pert side, and a full patrician mouth. Lynn Morton approved of the girl, but yes. Something to see. Then he noticed her hands, and what they were doing, and stopped approving. Not that her hands weren't very nice hands. They were. Long tapering fingers, with not too red nails against soft white skin. Well cared for hands. And very busy just at the moment — stowing away expensive gloves in a capacious handbag.

Lynn sighed. One of the oldest tricks in the business. Direct the shop girl's attention elsewhere, then snatch. He sidled a little closer to the blonde girl, watching without seeming to. Golly! She was bold, or a rank amateur who had never heard of store detectives. Or both. Lynn sighed again. This was going to spoil his whole day, having to arrest such a girl. Beautiful girl! There — another pair of the expensive gloves went into the bag. Must have half the store in that bag by now.

He followed her as she headed toward the door. Let her get through the door, or almost through it, and then he would have her cold. The same sad old story. He looked into a mirror as he passed and saw that his own handsome face was dour and frowning. How he hated this job. He was too young for it, really. And too sensitive. You needed to be old and leathery and cynical like Joe Gould, the other store cop. That way you got a certain pleasure out of pulling them in.

The girl approached the door, hesitated, glanced around, and then headed back for the stairs. Lynn tagged along behind her. Then across the floor, he saw Joe Gould. Joe nodded, deftly, toward the girl. He had spotted her also. Was moving rapidly toward her, ready to grab her arm. Joe was always glad to make an arrest, and didn't care if his victims — if you could call them that — attempted to leave the store or not.

For a moment Lynn felt relief. Good! Let Joe make the pinch. Then, suddenly, he knew he couldn't do it. Not to this girl. He quickened his pace, reached the stairs leading down to the bargain basement at the same time Joe did.

"I know," he said. "I pegged her. Let me do it." Looking downward, he could see the girl's straight back just disappearing around a corner of the stair.

Joe Gould stared at him with cold, lidded eyes that always reminded Lynn of a bird of prey.

"What you waiting for?" he rasped. "I been watching that dame for half an hour. So have you. She's got a hundred bucks worth of gloves in that bag. You waiting till she steals the elevators?"

Lynn shouldered him aside. "Stop yapping," he said. "I told you I'll take care of her. Plenty of time for it. The more we find on her the easier it will be to convict her." He plunged down the stairs, leaving Joe staring after him, thinking that he had never really liked Joe from the first.

He found the girl at a table in the dinky tea room. Her bag and parcels were piled on the table beside her. Lynn pulled out a chair and sat down, knowing exactly what he was going to say and do.

"So it's tea you want," he said. "I thought so. You wouldn't want the shoddy stuff they sell down here in the bargain basement."

Her red lips formed a surprised O. "W—who are you? What do you want? I'm alone and I prefer it that way."

Lynn glanced around, saw that no one was watching them, and reached for her bag. He took out the gloves, easily a hundred dollars worth. Expensive, imported stuff. He watched her stiffen, her face red, as he counted the gloves. Her voice, when she spoke, was cold and remote.

"You saw me."

He nodded. "Never mind that now. Just listen to me. I'm crazy today — so I'm letting you go. I'll get this stuff back somehow. But for Pete's sake will you promise me something? Cut it out. You're terrible. And you can't win. You're a lovely girl and jail wouldn't help your complexion a bit. Now scram before I change my mind, or forget it's spring."

He heard her say "thank you" and when he looked again she was gone. Lynn sighed once more. It meant his job, of course.

Sure enough, a half hour later he was summoned to the executive offices on the ninth floor. Well — he had never liked the job anyway!

As he entered Mr. Carlson's office the first person he saw was the girl. The same girl, smiling at him now. And Mr.

Carlson, the president, was smiling, too, and patting the girl on the shoulder. Lynn was dazed. "Excuse me," he stammered. "I must be in the wrong place or — or something."

"No," said Mr. Carlson. "No mistake has been made. This is my daughter, Mr. Morton. She sometimes aids me in these little projects, and since she isn't well known to the employees she was a natural for this one. Just a checkup, you see. Trying to find out if the store operatives were, in a manner of speaking, on their toes. Keeping alert. She says you passed with flying colors. Good! Fine! But nevertheless, Mr. Morton, we're taking you out of the security department. Another job, as assistant section manager..."

Lynn got through it somehow. Afterwards the girl followed him out into the hallway.

He said, "I still don't get it, Miss Carlson. Why didn't he fire me?"

"My name is Felice. And he didn't fire you because I didn't tell him you let me go. I said you caught me, which was the truth. He took it for granted that I explained everything to you, and he was so pleased that I didn't have a bit of trouble getting you the new job. You deserve it, you know. And, as you told me, you're terrible. As a cop, I mean. You've got a heart."

"But why did you do it?"

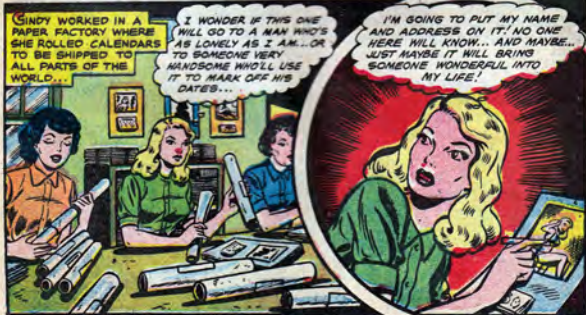
Her eyes were soft as she looked him up and down. "I'm not exactly sure yet. Call it impulse, maybe. Or call it spring, as you did. But I'm sure it will all work out all right. Beginning tonight at dinner."

And it did work out.

The WRONG KIND OF Love!



EVERY GIRL DREAMS OF THE DAY REAL ROMANCE WILL COME HER WAY... GINDY WELLS KNEW WHAT HER HEART WANTED, BUT SHE HAD MORE IN STORE FOR HER THAN SHE BARGAINED FOR. ONE DAY, NOT TOO LONG AGO...



GINDY WORKED IN A PAPER FACTORY WHERE SHE ROLLED CALENDARS TO BE SHIPPED TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD...

I WONDER IF THIS ONE WILL GO TO A MAN WHO'S AS LONELY AS I AM... OR TO SOMEONE VERY HANDSOME WHO'LL USE IT TO MARK OFF HIS DATES...

I'M GOING TO PUT MY NAME AND ADDRESS ON IT! NO ONE HERE WILL KNOW... AND MAYBE... JUST MAYBE IT WILL BRING SOMEONE WONDERFUL INTO MY LIFE!

EACH DAY CINDY WOULD HURRY HOME TO HER BOARDING HOUSE IN THE HOPE THAT SHE MIGHT HAVE MAIL...

NO MAIL, CHILD... WHO ARE YOU EXPECTING TO HEAR FROM?

NO ONE, I GUESS... IT'S JUST THAT I THOUGHT MAYBE THERE'D BE MAIL...

BUT JUST WHEN SHE WAS ABOUT TO GIVE UP HOPE, A LETTER DID ARRIVE...



FOR ME! OH, AT LAST! WHAT NICE HANDWRITING! I'LL TAKE IT TO MY ROOM... CAN'T WAIT TO READ IT!



FROM TEXAS! "DEAR MISS CINDY! THE MOMENT I READ YOUR NAME I LIKED IT! NOW DON'T THINK I'M BOLD, BUT I WAS WONDERING IF...



WEEKS LATER, CINDY HAD SOMETHING MIGHTY REAL TO DREAM ABOUT...

HE WANTS ME TO COME TO TEXAS! BUT EVEN IF HE PAYS HALF OF MY FARE LIKE HE SAID, WHERE WILL I GET THE MONEY?

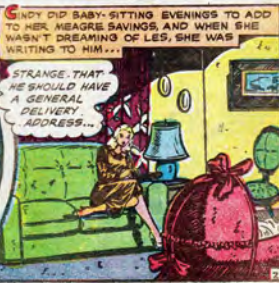


HE WANTS ME TO WRITE! WHAT A STRONG FACE! HE LOOKS STERN, BUT I CAN TELL FROM THE WAY HE WROTE, THAT HE'S VERY NICE! LES SIMPSON, DALLAS, TEXAS... YES, I'LL WRITE TO HIM...



CINDY DID BABY-SITTING EVENINGS TO ADD TO HER MEAGRE SAVINGS, AND WHEN SHE WASN'T DREAMING OF LES, SHE WAS WRITING TO HIM...

STRANGE. THAT HE SHOULD HAVE A GENERAL DELIVERY ADDRESS...



FINALLY, THE ENCHANTED DAY CAME WHEN CINDY ACTUALLY PACKED FOR THE JOURNEY TO TEXAS... NO MATTER HOW MUCH TIME SHE ALLOWED HERSELF, AT THE LAST MINUTE SHE WAS IN A FRANTIC RUSH TO CATCH HER TRAIN...

GOOD MORNING, MISS WELLS! WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? I HAVE SOME TEXAS MAIL FOR YOU!

....I WON'T HAVE TIME TO READ IT NOW... I'LL SAVE IT FOR WHEN I'M ON THE TRAIN...

GOSH, I HOPE NOTHING'S WRONG! I CERTAINLY DIDN'T EXPECT TO GET A LAST MINUTE LETTER LIKE THIS...

"DEAR CINDY, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT YOU COMING TO TEXAS! I DON'T THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA AT ALL!" OHH... NOW WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

I—I KNOW I SAID I WAS GOING TO DALLAS, BUT I'D BETTER GET OFF HERE, CONDUCTOR!

SAY, YOU'RE IN TROUBLE MISS, AREN'T YOU? IS IT BECAUSE A YOUNG MAN WHO WAS GOING TO MEET YOU LET YOU DOWN?

HELLO, CONDUCTOR! SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

NOT FOR ME, MA'M, BUT YOU MIGHT TRY TO HELP OUT THIS YOUNG LADY!

OH, REALLY, I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER ANYONE...

AS SOON AS CINDY'S STORY WAS TOLD, THE FRIENDLY WOMAN SPOKE IN A FIRM VOICE...

I THINK THIS WOULD PROVE VERY INTERESTING TO THE LOCAL POLICE, CINDY!

POLICE! OH, NO! I'LL MANAGE TO GET HOME SOMEHOW!



CINDY BURNED WITH SHAME AS SHE MET THE SEARCHING, FRIENDLY EYES OF THE YOUNG SHERIFF... NOW SHE WISHED SHE HAD NEVER HEARD THE NAME OF LES SIMPSON... EVEN THOUGH EVERYONE WAS BEING KIND, HER FEARS WERE DIFFICULT TO RESTRAIN...

WE'LL SEE THAT YOU GET HOME ON THE NEXT TRAIN, CINDY, BUT THAT WILL BE TOMORROW.

...AND YOU'RE SURE YOUR SISTER WON'T MIND, BILL?

...YOU'LL LIKE MY SISTER MARY, MISS. SHE'S ALWAYS HELPING ME OUT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

HELPING YOU... I SHOULD SAY SHE'S HELPING ME... BUT I STILL WOULD BE WILLING TO SIT IN THAT STATION RATHER THAN PUT PEOPLE TO ALL THIS TROUBLE...



MARY, WE'VE GOT A BORDER UNTIL MORNING! THIS IS CINDY WELLS!

COME RIGHT IN, MISS WELLS! I WELCOME A WOMAN'S COMPANY AROUND HERE FOR A CHANGE...



BUT CINDY COULDN'T FIND HER VOICE TO ANSWER... THE MAN SEATED AT THAT TABLE WAS LES SIMPSON! THE WHOLE EXPERIENCE WAS TOO MUCH... CINDY FELT A BLACKNESS CLOSING IN ON HER... AND SHE FOUGHT DESPERATELY AGAINST IT...



AS BOTH MARY AND SHERIFF BILL WERE ABOUT TO COME TO HER AID, CINDY CALLED UPON ALL RESERVE STRENGTH AND DASHED FROM THE RANCH HOUSE...

WHAT'S AILING YOU, GIRL? COME BACK HERE! CINDY! COME BACK!

NO... LET ME ALONE...

NO MATTER WHAT THEY THINK OF ME, I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM LES SIMPSON!



ACROSS
ROCKS AND
THROUGH THE
STINGING,
TEARING BRUSH,
CINDY RAN
UNTIL SHEER
EXHAUSTION
CLAIMED HER
AND SHE SANK
TEARFULLY TO
THE GROUND
KNOWING SHE
HAD LOST...

CINDY! WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH YOU?
GET UP, GIRL... THIS IS
RATTLER COUNTRY!



THAT WASN'T VERY
FRIENDLY OF YOU,
CINDY! MARY IS
PLAIN SPOKEN,
BUT...

OH, IT WASN'T
MARY! SHE
WAS WONDERFUL!



DON'T TAKE ME BACK
THERE! PLEASE, BILL...
I SIMPLY CAN'T GO
WITH YOU...

POOR LITTLE
THING. WHY, YOUR
HEART IS POUNDING
LIKE A SCARED
RABBIT!



TELL ME RIGHT
THIS MINUTE...
WHAT ABOUT THAT
MAN FRIGHTENS
YOU?

THAT'S THE MAN
WHO SENT FOR ME,
BILL! THAT'S LES
SIMPSON! I HATE HIM
NOW, AND I DON'T
WANT TO MEET
HIM!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
THAT MAN THERE... I
CAN'T MEET HIM...
PLEASE, BILL...
PLEASE...

WHAT MAN?
WHAT ARE
YOU TRYING
TO SAY,
CINDY?



SO THAT'S THE VARMINT WHO SENT
YOU THOSE SWEET-TALKIN' LETTERS!
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL *HAVE* TO COME
BACK WITH ME NOW, CINDY! WE'VE A
LITTLE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!



IT WASN'T UNTIL CINDY SAW THE TWO MEN STANDING TOGETHER THAT SHE SUDDENLY BECAME AWARE OF A FANTASTIC FACT... THE ANGRY MAN AND THE COVERING ONE WERE BROTHERS!

YOU SENT THIS PICTURE TO CINDY, DIDN'T YOU?

YES, BILL... BUT ONLY FOR LAUGHS! I EVEN SAID MY NAME WAS SIMPSON!

YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO BEAR THE NAME OF YOUR FAMILY! I OUGHT TO...

DON'T, BILL! IT WAS ALL A JOKE... BUT SHE TOOK IT SERIOUSLY! YOU KNOW I WAS LEAVING FOR EL PASO TODAY!

BILL'S FACE WAS WHITE AS HE RELEASED HIS BROTHER... AND AS IF RELIEVED TO ESCAPE UNHARMED, LES SNEAKED OFF IN GREAT HASTE...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO YOU, CINDY... IF THE TRAIN WAS PASSING THROUGH, I'D PUT YOU RIGHT ON IT SO YOU COULD FORGET THIS PLACE FOREVER!

OH, YOU WOULDN'T, BILL GREY! THIS GIRL HAS BEEN THROUGH ENOUGH! I'M TAKING HER TO MY ROOM TO REST!

THINK YOU CAN TRUST THE REST OF THIS FAMILY AFTER YOUR EXPERIENCE?

I'LL STAY, BILL, T-THANK YOU...

YOU AND MARY HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL TO ME... I'LL BE VERY HAPPY TO STAY!

'COURSE SHE WILL! COME ON NOW, CINDY, I'M GOING TO FEED YOU AND SEE THAT YOU GET SOME REST UNTIL TRAIN TIME TOMORROW!

CINDY NEVER EXPECTED THAT SHE'D HATE TO LEAVE THE TOWN SHE DREADED COMING TO. BUT WHEN THE TIME DID ARRIVE FOR HER TO CATCH THE HOME-BOUND TRAIN, SHE ALMOST WISHED IT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN...



YOU MUST BE TIRED OF HEARING ME SAY THANK YOU, MARY...

I'M SORRY YOU'RE NOT STAYING, CINDY!

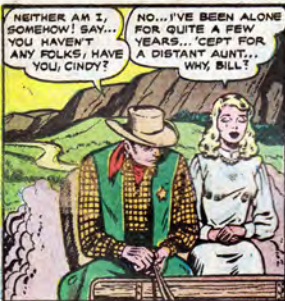
GUESS YOU'RE GLAD TO LEAVE, EH, HONEY?

D-DON'T SAY THAT, BILL! I'M NOT GLAD AT ALL!



NEITHER AM I, SOMEHOW! SAY... YOU HAVEN'T ANY FOLKS, HAVE YOU, CINDY?

NO... I'VE BEEN ALONE FOR QUITE A FEW YEARS... 'CEPT FOR A DISTANT AUNT... WHY, BILL?



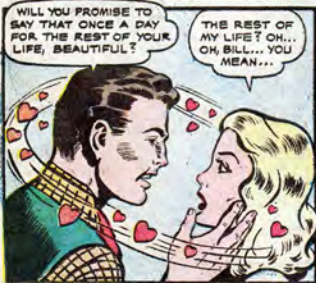
I WAS WONDERING WHO I'D HAVE TO ASK FIRST... THEM OR YOU... WILL YOU STAY, CINDY?

OH, BILL... HOW CAN I NOW? I'M SO ASHAMED... AND YOU'RE SO WONDERFUL!



WILL YOU PROMISE TO SAY THAT ONCE A DAY FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, BEAUTIFUL?

THE REST OF MY LIFE? OH... OH, BILL... YOU MEAN...



NO MORE CALENDARS FOR YOU, YOUNG LADY! YOU'VE GOT A PERMANENT DATE FROM NOW ON!

BILL... BILL, DARLING!



SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO COME TOGETHER TO FIND THE MIGHTY CLOSE OF THE LOVE TO FIND THE REAL CINDY... SHE KNOWS...

I had a **SECOND CHANCE!**

I GAVE UP DREAMING
OF A DIFFERENT LIFE...
I EVEN ABANDONED
HOPE... THEN SUDDENLY
A LIFE OFFERED ME A
PRICELESS GIFT... A
SECOND CHANCE TO LOVE!



WE HADN'T BEEN
LONG MARRIED WHEN
HENRY STARTED TO
ACT UP... HE COULDN'T
SEEM TO HOLD A JOB
AND HE CONSTANTLY
STAYED AWAY FROM
HOME...

HE'LL COME HOME
WHEN HE GETS
HUNGRY AS USUAL...
BUT EVEN THEN HE
WON'T BE IN
CONDITION TO
TALK WITH...

GEE, SOMEWHERE
LIFE MUST BE
GOOD... FOR
SOMEONE...





MY JOB
DIDN'T MAKE
ANY CHANGE
IN HENRY...
BUT AT LEAST
I DIDN'T
HAVE TO
WORRY SO
MUCH ABOUT
PAYING OUR
BILLS... THE
NIGHTS WERE
ALWAYS THE
SAME... WAITING
FOR HIM...
ONLY I WAS
MORE TIRED
NOW...

AS USUAL NO SIGN OF
HIM! I WISH I COULD
FORGET ABOUT HIM
AND GET TO SLEEP...
BUT I'LL WAIT...

...THE RADIO WAS MY
CONSTANT COMPANION,
BUT THAT NIGHT...

THE FOURTEENTH!
WHY TOMORROW IS
OUR WEDDING
ANNIVERSARY!

WHO
HAD A REQUEST
TO MAKE ON THIS
FOURTEENTH
OF THE
MONTH?

HELLO, MR. KANE?
THIS IS MARY
ADAMS. WOULD
YOU PLAY A
CERTAIN SONG FOR
ME TOMORROW
EVENING? THANK
YOU... THE SONG IS...

WHO ARE YOU
GABING WITH
AT THIS HOUR
OF THE NIGHT?

OH! HENRY...
SO YOU'RE
HOME...

WAIT, HENRY! BEFORE
YOU RETIRE I WANT TO
ASK YOU SOMETHING! DO
YOU KNOW WHAT DAY
TOMORROW IS?

SURE... TUESDAY!
WHAT'S THIS, A
GUESSING GAME?

...AND HE DIDN'T
REMEMBER...
HENRY JUST WASN'T
MEANT TO BE A
HUSBAND, I GUESS...
OR WAS I AT FAULT
SOMEHOW?

WHAT CAN I
DO? HE HARDLY
SPEAKS TO ME...
IT'S AS IF WE
WERE TOTAL
STRANGERS...

...THE NEXT NIGHT I PLANNED A SURPRISE PARTY DINNER. IT WAS JUST LUCK THAT HENRY LOAFED ABOUT THE HOUSE AND DIDN'T GO OUT. NOR DID HE EXPRESS ANY INTEREST IN WHAT I WAS DOING...



...I WAS ALONE AGAIN... HENRY HAD STORMED OUT OF THE HOUSE IN HIS FIT OF TEMPER, BUT SUDDENLY THE RADIO BROADCASTED A LIVING NIGHTMARE...

THAT'S HENRY!
HE'S ATTACKING
ROD KANE!

SINGING SONGS TO MARY, ENT!
WHO ARE YOU?
GET HIM OUT OF
HERE!
WE INTERRUPT THIS
PROGRAM...

OH, HENRY, HOW COULD
YOU DO SUCH A THING?
I'VE GOT TO GET DOWN
THERE... WHAT SHALL
I DO?

...WHEN I ARRIVED AT
THE BROADCASTING
STATION, A CROWD
HAD ALREADY
GATHERED... NEWS...
ESPECIALLY THIS
KIND OF NEWS
TRAVELS FAST...

THERE HE IS!
THE POLICE
HAVE HIM! OH,
HENRY... HENRY...

HENRY! WHAT SHALL
I DO? TELL ME...

GET LOST! YOU
AND I ARE
THROUGH!
PERMANENTLY!

...AS THEY LED HIM OFF, I
STOOD THERE SHAKING
WITH FRIGHT AND SICK
WITH SHAME... AND THEN I HEARD
A FAMILIAR VOICE...

PARDON
ME, ARE YOU
HIS WIFE?
ARE YOU
MARY ADAMS?

COME... I'LL TAKE YOU
HOME. THAT'S A PRETTY
ROUGH MAN YOU MARRIED,
MRS. ADAMS...

I APOLOGIZE
FOR HIM,
MR. KANE...
I'M SO
HUMILIATED...
AND SO
SORRY...

ROD KANE,
THE FAMOUS
DISK JOCKEY,
WAS A
GENTLEMAN
THROUGH AND
THROUGH...
AS HE
ESCORTED
ME TO OUR
LITTLE FLAT,
HE TRIED IN
EVERY WAY
TO MAKE LIGHT
OF THE
HORRIBLE
INCIDENT...
AND AS WE
APPROACHED
MY DOOR...

MRS. ADAMS, THE POLICE HAVE
BEEN TRYING TO GET IN TOUCH
WITH YOU! SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED!

I KNOW ALL
ABOUT IT, MISS
STONE, THANK
YOU...

YES, I KNOW,
AND THE WHOLE
TOWN KNOWS...

SHE DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND!
I'M TRYING TO
TELL HER THE
POLICE SAID...

SAID
WHAT,
MAM?

YOU'D BETTER SIT DOWN,
MRS. ADAMS, IT'S BAD
NEWS! HENRY'S BEEN
KILLED! HE BROKE AWAY
FROM THE POLICE AND
DASHED OUT INTO TRAFFIC
TO ESCAPE... AND A
TRUCK...

HENRY KILLED?
DID YOU SAY
KILLED?

EASY
NOW...

YOUR NEIGHBOR WAS
RIGHT, MARY... YOU'D
BETTER SIT DOWN...

NO... I'M ALL
RIGHT... I JUST
CAN'T BELIEVE
HENRY'S DEAD...

I—I'M ALMOST RELIEVED!
I KNOW YOU MUST THINK I'M
HORRIBLE, BUT I'M
RELIEVED! DOES THAT
SOUND DREADFUL,
MR. KANE?

I THINK I UNDERSTAND...AND SOME-
TIME... SOON... I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU
AGAIN, MARY ADAMS! DOES *THAT*
SOUND DREADFUL?



...ROD KANE WENT OUT OF HIS WAY TO BE KIND TO ME, BUT I DECIDED NOT TO SEE HIM AS OFTEN AS HE WANTED... MY REASON WAS VERY PERSONAL.... I HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HIM... BUT THAT WAS MY SECRET, UNTIL...

MORE FLOWERS! OH, ROD...YOU'RE MAKING THINGS SO DIFFICULT FOR ME...



SUDDENLY A KNOCK ON THE DOOR DISTURBED MY DREAMS...

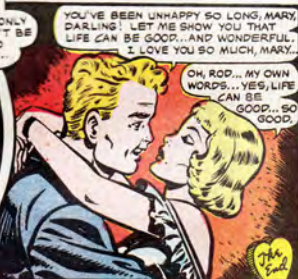
MAY I COME IN?

ROD! WHY AREN'T YOU AT THE BROADCASTING STATION?



I'M ON STRIKE! I CAN'T WORK... I CAN'T SLEEP ALL BECAUSE OF YOU, MARY! SAY YOU'LL MARRY ME... YOU KNOW I'M MAD ABOUT YOU!

MARRY! BUT ROD, DON'T YOU SEE, YOU'RE ALL MIXED UP... YOU ONLY PITY ME. IT CAN'T BE LOVE... SO SOON...



YOU'VE BEEN UNHAPPY SO LONG, MARY, DARLING! LET ME SHOW YOU THAT LIFE CAN BE GOOD...AND WONDERFUL. I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, MARY...

OH, ROD... MY OWN WORDS...YES, LIFE CAN BE GOOD... SO GOOD.

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- PEACOCK

IN ALL SIZES

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10-12-14

16-18-20

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